

## **K.D. Lang**

# **"Season Of Hollow Soul"**

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(kd lang/Ben Mink)

Keen to the shifting of wind  
I bend to it blind  
To rid these kisses of sin  
That must stay behind

Sour the fruit of neglect  
The core of my doubt  
Deprived are my veins you infect  
With or without

Fate must have a reason  
Why else endure the season  
Of hollow soul  
The ground on which we leave on  
How strangely fuels the season  
Of hollow soul hollow soul

Seed of uprooted chance  
Are grains of goodbye  
Waving boughs so slowly dance  
Questioning why

Fate must have a reason  
Why else endure the season  
Of hollow soul  
The ground on which we leave on  
How strangely fuels the season  
Of hollow soul  
La la la la ...  
Fate must have a reason  
Why else endure the season  
Of hollow soul hollow soul

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Of hollow soul  
La la la la ...  
Fate must have a reason  
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La la la la ...

Fate must have a reason  
Why else endure the season  
Of hollow soul hollow soul

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